THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VIII.] RICHMOND, IND., JANUARY 1, 1856. [NO. 1.

THE LILY.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT RICHMOND, IND.

Terms---Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Seven Copies for Three Dollars.

All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

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Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,
Corresponding Editor.

For The Lily.

ANOTHER DREAM.

Night on the Prairie—quiet sacred night,
And in sweet slumber bound, the household lay,
When angel fingers pictured forth the ground,
Whereon was shown the path from earth to heaven;
Ay, heaven itself high on the canvass shone.

I dreamed of gold, I took a mud dim'd coin,
Not from the poor man's purse, but from his floor,
Where it had fallen, lost and buried in the dirt;
Poor, poor was he in treasures of this werld—
His cot no floor, but that which nature gave—
And it was given me, the "things unseen" to see.
I drew away the mould and took it up,
The new found treasure viewed with wistful eye,
Thought of my purse, for it was lank and lean,
And I was starving in a plenteous land,
And as I viewed, temptation rose within,
Like a strong power, too strong to be denied,
I was like Peter, tried, when a voice from heaven
Told him, "kill and eat."

To *me* no voice of God or angel spoke;
But *famished nature* whisper'd, "take the coin—
Take it and buy thee bread." The tempter beckon'd on,
But by that Power, to strong for human will,
The sacrifice was made, and O, what victory mine;
The coin I yielded to its rightful owner;
And as his blessings pour'd upon my head,
His wife and famished children wept for joy,
And hosts of angels as they near us drew,
Resounded *joy*, till joy through heaven echo'd.

Hunger had ceased, the link to earth was reft—
The sorrows of *this* life had passed away,
And splendours of *this* world grew dim and dark,
As I transform'd an upward flight did take,
And buoyant as a bird, far thro' the etherial realms
Of light and sun and star, at will I roam'd;
When other scenes, (O how divine the sight,)
Were there unfolded to my raptured sense.

A stream, whose waters sounded on mine ear,
Like tinkling metal, plowed at rapid pace;
I saw its waves as shining on they came,
All 'boss'd with little grains of glittering gold,
Which seemed too small to be of value rare,
And yet so bright I could not look away;
They held a charm my sense could not define;
When near, a ball, or globe of purest gold,
Large to my vision as the fair round moon,
Bnt bright and dazzling af the morning sun,
Rose full upon the stream and toward me mark'd its way;
In wonder and conjecture as I gazed,
It nears the place where motionless I stood,
And from it came all musical a voice,
And words like these fell sweetly on my ear:—
"This is the stream of life on which thou moved,
Oft dark and rough the way, and nought to guide thee,
But the Golden Lamp hung in the watch tower high,
That lights the laborer on to works of love,
For human kind, as one great family.
Was it not sweet the hungry poor to feed;
Was it not sweet their saddened hearts to cheer,
To render back the poor man's coin
And fast that he might eat;
Thy part has been well done, thy recompense has come,
These grains of gold are as thy deeds of goodness;
Tho' small, they cannot dim, they are as 'crumbs
Upon the water cast;'
The Bread of life am I, and will thee feed,
Now and forever more, If thou had kept that coin,
This bread thou could'st not taste; hunger and thurst no more;
And what thou see'st, proclaim, that earth may know,
And everlasting life and joy be thine."

I woke, but longed to sleep and dream forever on;
I woke, to find my dream, not "all a dream."

E. H. BLACKFAN.

For The Lily.

A New Year's Present.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL: Please accept the enclosed five dollars as a token of my grateful respect for your untiring efforts to make the Lily a faithful missionary in the great cause of female elevation. Be assured, your cares, anxieties, and deep solicitude for the welfare of our sex, as manifested in your paper during the past year, are appreciated by your co-laborers, patrons and readers generally.

We *know* that you have performed labor, affectional labor that is never taken into account, and which can never be repaid but in the same pure coin. But in addition to the hearty thanks of every true friend of the cause, which you doubtless have, I feel that you deserve at our hands still another reward for taking upon yourself the responsibility, pecuniarly, of publishing a paper to disseminate our, as yet, unpopular sentiments.

A token of this kind is but the requiting a favor, and that favor, I hope, you will continue, by the continuation of your editorial duties. "God bless the right," and bless your every effort.

O! Mrs. B., there is a mighty labor to be done in reforming Society from all those unparalleled extravagences into which it has fallen. It does seem as though the heart of community were turned inside out, and that all the inconceivable follies and vanities which ever found a residence there, are now represented upon the outer man, and more especially the outer woman, in the shape of every imaginable gew-gaw, trinket and ornament that mortal mind can invent.

Cannot there be something done to wake up the sympathies of woman, and turn her attention upon the suffering thousands of her own sex, and lead her to realize that if what she now so needlessly lavishes upon her person was judiciously applied to the elevation of her mind, she could then, instead of influencing others to follow her extravagances, raise their affections to something of more practical benefit, and thereby increase the happiness of herself and all within her influence?

Another Herculean labor to be performed, is the raising woman from her state of abject dependence. We know that laws and customs have for ages bound her heart and hand. But if ever her fetters are broken, she herself must strike the blow. She has long waited and hoped—O! how ardently has she hoped and prayed that the pure principles of Christ might lift her from her low estate. But, alas! our popular religion has reached a finality in its progress before it reached the golden rule of Christ. And now, when woman but asks of man to do unto her as he would wish others to do unto him, she is denounced as an infidel.

Must she give up christianity as inadequate to redeem man from his ignorant selfishness? By no means. Death nor hell can ever prevail against those principles of universal equity. They are yet to be embodied in action—are yet to live and reign in society, although those of Christ's household are now among the greatest enemies to their practical application.

Again, woman must be reminded that like every other animal, she is endowed with faculties, if rightly cultivated and unrestrained, to provide for herself under all ordinary circumstances; and that she is equally capable as man of being her own professional adviser, especially in the medical department; and there is nothing that so clearly proves the degredation into which custom has dragged her, as the unhallowed, and more than heathenish indelicacy that induces an otherwise delicate woman to prefer a medical attendant of of the other sex, in complaints peculiar to her own sex. But from this degredation, as from all others, woman must extricate herself. "The Gods help them who help themselves." This is as true now, as ever.—Let this ever encourage us.

Yours, truly,

JANE FROHOCK.

Mount Carroll, Ill., Jan. 1856.

For the Lily.

MORNING.

The clear light of the morning was just streaming over the western prospect, and its golden hues had lighted the top of the leafy poplar, in colors transcendently rich and lovely. I rose from my slumbering couch, to view the beauties of the newborn day. The sun was rising to a greater actitude, and the tinges of his countenance began to descend upon the mountain hills, and growing verdure of the valhies. The prospect which metmy vision was superlatively beautiful; not a voice was heard to break the melody of the harmonious elements, save the song of the robin, hid in the boughs of the waving poplar, pouring towards Heaven its tender orisons; or the tones of the lark as he carolled in the wind. Not one human mortal was visible, and even the animals of the brute creation were lounging in the mead, lost in the deep slumbers of the departing night. How glorious! said I, how charming is the morning, as it first breaks upon the world; while night, with all its phantasmagoria, is yet hovering in its aerial habitation. Truly, 'tis glorious and inimitable! Heaven seems to look upon it with more complacency and loveliness; and to enrobe her in charms more inviting the drowsy sons of Earth, that they may participate in its enjoyment. The sky too, was clothed in new raiment; not a cloud chequered its even surface. Where oft' rolled the solemn peal of the mighty thunders, and where the lightnings flashed their vivid fires, not a tone was heard, but the soft whisperings of the wind—the language of the morning. How great the contrast which a comparison of that moment with the tumultuous day presents. The quiet of the one and the noise of the other; the sweet fragrance in the morning, with all its beauties, is lost in the bustle of the mechanic and artizan, engaged in the active and laborious duties of life. J. S. G.

Media, Pa., Dec. 1855.

For the Lily.

THE BAPTIST RECORDER AND WOMAN.

An editorial article in the above named paper, upon the subject of woman's rights, is guilty of the following language:

"The woman who does not wish to root out of her constitution every thing which renders her lovely and a blessing, who does not wish to blaspheme religion and lose her soul, will shun this movement as she would a pestilence."

This was written, not in reprehension of the individual advocating that reform, but of the reform itself. Its aim seems to have been not to enlighten or improve, but to stop both in that direction; not to enlarge woman's sphere of usefulness, but to confine it within its old-fashioned, narrow limits. The writer must have been excited to it by either his selfishness, or his sense of duty; and probably exulted over his effort with the coarse satisfaction belonging to the one, or the humble delight becoming the other; and either way, he calculated on no little effect among the men and women with whom his paper was the oracle.

It is but a small part of the article, but contains the substance of the whole, and we propose to make it the subject of comment, not for its singularity, but for its generality in the book of faith of the professedly religious papers, opposed to woman's freedom. It is a faith which interprets the mission of Christ as invidiously discriminating between man and woman—as sending life and liberty to the one sex, and bondage and oppression to the other. And these gentlemen believers manifest a sensitiveness which indicates that in their regard to establish such discrimination was the principal object of the mission. Will any one pretend that they are herein misrepresented? The very denunciation which we have quoted, is proof of the truthfulness of the charge. Otherwise, how can it be explained that to contend for the right of self-government, to claim freedom from bondage, to demand her right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, is to blaspheme religion, and lose her soul?" That is what is denounced, for that is the sum and substance of the woman's reform movement.

Were it not that so many readers draw from such papers all they know, or care to know, of morals or religion, or any thing else, such a proposition would be too absurd to do any harm, and too ridiculous to attract attention. It takes its importance from the ignorance on the one hand, which attracts such a proposition, and the greed on the other, which forms that ignorance for present gain, and regards its conservation as the chief source of bread in the future. The woman's reform is an attack upon that ignorance, and hence the alarm and denunciation. It is the pious slaveholder exhorting his slave, "servant obey your master."

But the pretentions of that class, both instructors and instructed, are not quite as humble as the true spirit of the religion they profess might seem to require. They hold themselves, *par excellence*, the salt of the earth, of the greatest possible savor. Aim at advancement from them, dissent from their dogmas, and you trample upon propriety, and blaspheme religion. Like some rare bug in the cabinet of the naturalist, their faith is pinned to the wall, and all the light that shines upon it, like that of a comet, shines from the rear. One of the delusions of which they are most ostentatious is that the semi-barbarians, who embraced Christianity eighteen hundred years ago, understood it better than their successors ever have since, or ever will again; and they probably would hail him as the greatest of benefactors who should invent some machine, or discover some mode to turn the world back to the centuries past. In listening to many a priestly effort, it is not difficult to imagine that you are a living witness to an experiment in that line.

They present a singular solicism in denominating themselves the vanguard of civilization and christianity, while they are continually posted in the rear. Their panorama seems to exhibit the human family being dragged to pathless error, he of sulphurous notoriety, the tractile power at one end, and their priesthood tugging at the other, in the opposite direction, but from inferior strength, dragged sprawling after. The cry is, the world is moving, but in the wrong direction. Every marked era of human science has been distinguished by the current clamors of that class, as the age of peculiar transgression and disregard of God's law.

To illustrate: Ages ago, when it was demonstrated that the earth was rotund, and not a plane, that it revolved around the sun, and not the sun around the earth, they made a desperate stand.—The sun had stood still at Joshua's command, and whoever taught the contrary, blasphemed religion and jeopardized souls. They had more power then—they had chains and dungeons. They dealt in stripes and faggots and fires. They could make wisdom silent, but its still, small voice was heard, and the world moved.

When men assembled to deny to Princes divine right to rule, they turned up their pious eyes in equally holy horror. They have not yet fully accommodated their faith to that innovation. Much as ever they concede to *man* the right of self-government. Certainly they can go no further. Such an idea connected with *woman* is an outrage upon decency, and a blasphemy to religion!

Phrenology, Ethnology and Geology, have each in turn disturbed their repose. That the head instead of the heart may be more immediately connected with the mind—that the Mosaic account of creation may not tell the whole story—that every thing which ever lived, possibly, may not find lineage in the six days work of creation, are questions in their day all pronounced blasphemous. They are not yet, in all quarters, on a good standing around the fireside of orthodoxy.

But mere physical science, alarming as it has been considered in its encroachments upon the old legends of barbarism, has never carried with it so much disturbing power as the science of human rights. The past bears evidence that men may be learned in the science of matter, and still the devoted subjects and tools of oppression. That cannot be with those truly enlightened in the science of human rights.

These gentlemen of the black coat order, may decline to be the advocates of oppression, but they are careful to oppose the abolition of any thing of that character which may exist, for they fear that change may in some way injure their source of livelihood.

Of all the religions ever introduced upon the face of the earth, the Christian has been the most unfortunate for their peculiar interests. The Pagan creeds, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Mormonism keep the masses in passive ignorance, ready to have their sweat and blood coined to pamper the ruling order. No fears are there alarmed about woman's rights agitations. But Christianity, tho' often perverted, inculcates an element of faith which is always warming into life new resistances. Theorists may change their creeds, Churches their forms of worship, and Bishops and Arch-Bishops may exult in swelling ceremonies and flowing-robes, but the religion itself remains the same. That spirit of equality, more democratic than any other theory ever was—those ruling principles, that in the regard of the Creator, all hold an equal place, are vested with equal rights, and entitled to equal importance. sooner or later, wherever the New Testament is read, must bring up the masses to a standard of being utterly irreconcilable with the existence of orders and castes.

This spirit of equality has pursued its way until it is familiar to the world, and on this side of the earth, no longer regarded as visionary. The theory of self government is the practical embodiment of that spirit, and now commands the devotion of no small part of the world, and the respect of all the rest.

But practically that spirit has been held to ignore the women. We say practically, because theoretically no one ever attempted to philosophize such a distinction. Opposition is made up of ignorance, prejudice and selfishness, and its weapons are ridicule and denunciation. Of the latter class is the article we are noticing. It departs from that line, perhaps, in proclaiming that it makes woman less lovely, to be ambitious of recognition as an integral part of community, with an active, instead of a passive existence. If any man must indulge in pompous enunciations of what nature and religion have fixed upon as the unmistakable sphere of woman, it would seem less disgusting to drop the cant language of fashionable trifling and license. It is sufficiently repulsive, without borrowing elements of aversion from any other source. Other castes, and other orders of oppression, may not involve one's own blood and kindred. Every man who advocates this, strives to make out his mother a slave, his sisters slaves, his wife, a slave and his daughter's slaves by nature's ordinance, and hopelessly to remain so. That the chains which bind them are sometimes gold, does not change the condition—that they may sometimes set loosely, or perhaps not be felt at all, does not make it the less slavery. That from education and habit, many may glory in the bondage, does not change it character. It may mitigate individual suffering but it cannot materially modify the evil effects to society. The sleek condition of its victims, is the common argument of slavery. That they would lose in personal comfort by exchanging places with their masters, is often put forward as the unanswerable language of that institution. It is not the least mournful result of woman's position that the great majority of that sex, feel that to be somebody, is to be less lovely. And it adds nothing to the grace of the position that they have been gravely seduced to believe that to be SOMEBODY in the world hereafter, they must religiously submit to be NO-BODY here.

We have now, not for the first time, noticed this class of opponents; and now, as heretofore, in no spirit of personal offense. If serious in their faith, whether oppressors or oppressed, they are more objects of pity than of reproach. If they practise as they preach, we pity the victims; if not they make themselves absurd for nothing; and in any event, we deplore the unhappy effects which result to society, and most devoutly pray for a change.

SENEX.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GIRLS.—The English girl spends more than one-half of her waking hours in physical amusements which tend to develope and invigorate, and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows upon the water, runs, dances, plays, sings and jumps the rope, throws the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock, and all this, without having it forever pressed on her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day, until it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame as a necessary consequence, is larger, her muscular system better developed, her nervous system in better subordination, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier. She may not know as much at the age of sevnnteen as does the American girl; as a general thing she does not, but the growth of her intellect has been stimulated by no hot house culture, and though maturity comes later, it will last proportionably longer. Eight hours each day of mental application, for girls between ten and nineteen years, or ten hours each day, as is sometimes required at school, with two hours for meals, one for religious duties, the remainder for physical exercises, are enough to break down the strongest constitution

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THE SAINTED MOTHER.—They are our treasures—changeless and shining treasures. Let us look hopefully. Not lost, but gone before. Lost only like stars of the morning, that have faded into the light of a brighter heaven. Lost to the ear h but not to us. When the earth is dark, then the heavens are bright; when objects around become indistinct and invisible in the shades of night, then objects above are more clearly seen.

So is the night of sorrow and mourning: it settles down upon us like a lonely twilight at the graves of our friends, but then already they shine on high. While we weep they sing While they are with us on earth, they lie upon our hearts refreshingly. like the dew upon the flowers; when they disappear it is by a power from above that has drawn them upward, and though lost on earth they float in the skies.

Like the dew that is absorbed from the flowers themselves, we will die out only to bloom again in the Eden above. Then those whom the heavens have absorbed and removed from by the sweet attraction of their love, made holier and lovelier in light, will draw toward us again by holy affinity, and rest on our hearts as before. They are our treasures—loved ones—the sainted dead.

For The Lily.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—It is at the earnest request of several friends that I now attempt to write a few lines upon a subject, which I consider as being characteristic of the most important era in the world's history, namely, that of taking upon ourselves the work of *establishing* and *maintaining* our personality and independence.

Although the subject has been discussed and re-discussed, and our wrongs portrayed in living characters, by abler writers and more elevated minds, yet if *every* woman would add her mite and devote her ability to the cause, (which I hope we shall never abandon, until our object is accomplished,) how long would it take to establish *universal* freedom and equality?

Although I may not introduce any new ideas, yet the subject ought to be continually presented to the public, for almost every day, (although I blush to say it,) I have conversed with those of my own sex, who are entirely gnoran t of the laws by which they are governed, and the wrongs to which they are subjected—who are too self-willed to believe the truth when presented to them—and who declare that they "have all the right they want." Alas! for such mistaken beings, that their minds are so depraved. Therefore, it is for those who know and realize their wrongs, and to enlighten and elevate the poor deluded know-it-alls, that we wish to establish our freedom on an equality with men. While we hear the cry of emancipation from slavery, throughout the political world, where shall we find a Hale, a Kossuth, a Burns, a Reeder or a Douglas to plead our cause for us? Alas! we may search the world in vain! Then, my sisters, as this work is for *us* to accomplish, let us arouse ourselves to action, *and maintain our right, our liberties, and our sacred honors*, irrespective of the frowns and anathamies of men. Can we expect slave holders to educate, enlighten, moralize and liberate their slaves? No—for it is necessary to keep them ignorant and degraded, that they may brave no higher motives than the brutes, in order to keep them in bondage. Neither can we expect the men to assist us against what *they think* is *their* interest, viz, to keep us in subjection. We must expect to meet with opposition, ridicule, and even contempt, for almost every important object that has ever been accomplished, has thus been derided.

Who that has the least knowledge of the laws relating to women, can fail to observe that they are unjust and tyranical? For instance, if an unmarried woman posseses property which she has toiled long and hard to obtain; perhaps, while spending years of labor in assisting her parents, she has now and then found a few intervening days, or perhaps months, when she might obtain a small pittance for her labor, by occasionally teaching school, or spending hours of loneliness and fatigue by the midnight lamp, she has at length succeeded in obtaining a competence.

But what of all this? How is she to retain it? Why, she must disregard a higher power, and violate the laws of her being, contrary to the impulse of her nature, else the *very moment* that she submits to the ordinance of Heaven, by adopting the marriage relation, she is dispossessed of all the fruits of her hard earned toil, her clothing, her personality, and even her *very name*. ALL are now at his disposal. Neither can she sell or dispose of what is *rightly* hers, without her husbands consent, while he may take it for debts accumulated before or after marriage—or be his character such, he may gamble and squander it away, "and the law gives him liberty," but she has no redress.

But as the laws have been so often produced by our college writers, it will be unnecessary for me to state them here, especially in regard to real estate. But why do I call them laws? Laws derive their power from the consent of the governed; therefore, they can rightfully have no more claim upon woman, than the Fugitive Bill upon the slaves. Then let us reject those so-called "laws," and declare that we are FREE.

If the editor thinks that it will not be entirely uninteresting, I will hereafter notice some of the objections to women's being on an equality with men in respect to property; also, their right to the elective franchise.

ALMIRA M. SMITH.

Spencer, Medina Co., O.

Temperance and womans Wrights.

Seeing a piece in The Lily, on the subject of temperance, which was written by an old person, it gave me fresh courage to make a few remarks; also, having lived something over three score years, I too, have witnessed the baneful effects of intemperance. O, that the foul monster, alchohol, may be banished from our land, that the rising generation may be seekers after truth; and may they embrace it in whatsoever form it presents itself—and O, may they be true to their own rights as citizens of these United States, and true to the rights of others, not forgetting the rights of woman. It is to you that are just entering upon the stage of action, that we have hope to look for our redemption from these oppressive laws that now operate against us. We hope, we trust that there are those that have not yet "driven their stakes and drawn their cards," and shut us out altogether.—Yes, it is in the rising generation that I put my trust; whose ears have not yet become dull of hearing, and whose hearts do yet retain some warmth of life and light. Women have felt the direful effects of intemperance ten fold more than pen can state, or tongue declare. Reflect a moment. Do we not know of many of our fellow-mortals who live in perfect fear and dread of their daily companions, all their lives. These things are so, and is there no remedy. Will our law-makers dose and slumber over the misery and wrongs entailed upon our sex, by the rum traffic, and we quietly submit? We cannot. We do revolt and remonstrate against such laws and customs that place the intoxicating beverage within our grasp.

In this Woman's Rights movement, light has sprung up. O, that none may choose darkness, and that their efforts may be crowned with success, is the wish of one whose mind has often been drawn, (at times, for forty years,) to the subject of woman's wrongs. If woman could be recognised in law equal with man, methinks the good would be incalculable. There would be less want, less misery and woe, fewer beings houseless and homeless; and I fancy, also, less trifling pursuits. The mind would become more elevated, and consequently, would pursue more useful employment. Surely, there are too many of one sex that may be said to be good for nothing. This has come through bad law and education, for had the father considered his daughter equal to his son, he would have given her the equal right to a good aduca tion. O, what a thorough reform is needed. Look at it, ye men that are skilled in human nature—ponder upon it ye statesmen.

GREENFIELD, N. Y., Dec. 18th, '55.

For the Lily.

Greeting from Pennsylvania.

The opportunity of cheering the cold hearth of poverty was not lost during the late unprecedented cold weather. Instances of self-devotion in delicate females, in seeking and relieving the needy, have come to our knowledge, which are worthy of all praise. We would fain record some of these, but the kindness was of that sort which seeks not its reward in being blazened before the public eye—its recompense was within.

It is a very true remark, that if the poor ceased to be improvident, there would be no poverty.—This we cannot expect, but it is nevertheless our duty to our fellow beings to minister to actual want. We would not give a fig for the man who could sit in his warm stuffed chair, while the pitiless breeze swept without, and say, when he hears of suffering, that "it is their own fault." Do unto others as ye would be done by, is a good rule; none of us know how soon misfortune may drive us to drink, drink to absolute poverty and distress. It will be poor comfort, when we are perishing, to be told "it is your own fault." There are thousands of such cases, and no one can feel secure that it may not be his own lot.

But we will not preach a charity sermon—our object in the above observations will be answered if the good follow the dictates of their own hearts. There are a thousand ways in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want. How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat, and drink, and clothing! The poor, much more than the rich, need advisers, and true friends, to heal their wounded spirits. After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear with our infirmities, and to whom we may impart our confidence. It is astonishing how much an individual may do towards relieving the anguish of a broken spirit. This is emphatically the reason for the social charities of our nature to exercise themselves. The opportunities are now more frequent for raising the drooping head, for encouraging the forlorn, for taking by the hand the sufferers, and exercising the best attributes of humanity.

Media, Pa. J. S. G.

For The Lily.

The spirit of Impurity and Purity, contrasted.

There is often seen a dark unshapely form amid the walks of life; a wild light flits at times from its eyes, like flickering rays from smouldering embers, in it's smile, there is seen only passion and sensuality; it's breath is pestilential, and it's very touch is contaminating; at it's approach beauty fades, and the flowers of innocence wither and die; it ever strives to turn earth into a Pandemonium, and even *Paradise* into a hell;—it is very deceptive in it's deformity, therefore, *thousands* of the sons and daughters of Adam are led imperceptibly by it, to the brink of the abyss of ruin; from thence to be hurled, *shrieking* and polluted, into the scene of destruction, that rolls beneath. This is the work of the spirit of impurity. It's *opposite*, has a form ever blooming and radient; from out it's eyes there gleams a smile of innocence and joy; the flowers of hope ever spring up at it's approach, and beauty warms and *glows* with an angelic sweetness at its touch, its garments are white—aye, always of the *purest* white, and they glitter in the sunbeams like the snowy wings of *angels*; its breath is ever fragrant, and redolent with health and strength; it walks through earth, *gently* leading all its sons and daughter, who *will* thus be led through gardens and groves, to the beautiful temple of innocence, peace, and security; *this* is the mission of the spirit of purity. Child of reason which spirit will THOU choose, as thy guide and director.

Westbury, N. Y. L. A. MACK.

For the Lily.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—Your little sheets comes semi-monthly, laden with its rich freight of noble protests against the moral degradation to which the women of our fair land are rereduced, by the tyrant of custom, which has for ages trampled her in the dust. There is great need of such earnest, fearless workers in the cause of woman's redemption; aye, and there is great need that woman should be awakened to the position which she occupies, and to the necessity of laboring for the emancipation of her stricken sisters; for not only us, but millions yet unborn will reap the advantages which our efforts shall bring us.—I would bid you a fervent "God speed" in the holy work to which you have dedicated yo little sheet. FLORA ur

☞Passion and reason are a kind of civil war within us, and as the one or the other hath dominion we are either good or bad.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., JANUARY 1, 1856.

To our Readers—We waft on the thought waves, wishes for their good—hopes for their happiness and encouragements in days of trial.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. Lovett,—Thanks for your efforts, and with *such* success, none should be discouraged.

S. A. Crippen,—Trust to time. We are grateful for your remembrance, good wishes and efforts.

L. McCauley,—We will continue the year with pleasure.

Marietta Richmond,—The papers have been forwarded correctly.

Sarah Emily Lewis,—Those cheering words are priceless.

D. Mendenhall—Such a steadfast friend in our own native county is encouraging to heart and head.

Martha Jane Shoemaker—That little word, in kindness sent, will cheer in dreary hours.

Mrs. R. H. Dorsey,—Thanks; and we will supply any back numbers with pleasure.

Almira W. Smith,—Come again, a heart welcome to you.

The Ohio Cultivator.—We are really sorry that Mrs. Bateman has left the charge of the Ladies Department of this excellent paper, believeing that *no man* can conduct it so well as she; but the patrons of the paper will be glad that she does not bid them adieu, but will still write for it, probably, even more than while she was its editor.

The Indiana Farmer.—We have been informed by the publishers of the Farmer, that Mrs. Margaret J. Newton will open a Ladies Department in that. We are glad to learn this, and are proud that women are pressing forward, filling these stations of honor and usefulness. Mrs. Newton is a pretty writer and a charming woman, practical in her ideas, and clear-sighted. She has been our correspondent, under the sweet name of "Minnie." May her new position have in it much that is pleasant and profitable.

Thomas Birdsell's acknowledgments to D. P. Holloway, for documents.

Rev. Miss Antoinette L. Brown.—We learn from Life Illustrated, that this zealous reformer is fon herwinter lecturing tour. She has lately spo ken at Middlebero', Amesbury, Quincy, Lawrence, and Salem, Mass.; Dover and Concord, N. H.; and Litchfield, Conn. From New England she will go West to Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. We trust to hear from her while she is in the West, and that our Indiana people will have an opportunity to listen to her appeals for woman.

☞ We have been looking in our New York exchanges for accounts of aunt Fanny's meetings and find the following in a Seneca Falls paper:

☞ Mrs. Frances D. Gage, the veritable "Aunt Fanny," lectured in the Wesleyan Chapel, on Thursday evening last, before a large audience, on the subject of Woman's Rights. She is an elderly woman, and has performed patriotic service in the rearing of eight children, whereby she has acquired the right of talking some in public. She possesses a vigorous intellect and a highly cultivated mind, and in domestic life is a model woman. Her lecture was the most forcible of any we ever heard on that subject, and we doubt not it won converts to her side of the question.

THE OBJECT IN VIEW.

What will best promote our truest interests?—What will call into action our judgment and all our mental faculties?

The weak, depending being, whether man or woman, is not the most beloved and respected. He is a dolt who argues that weakness is strength.—The being who unites the best cultivation of tal ents with good judgment and amiability of temper with Godly revererence, has power to mould his surroundings, and attract happiness, is the most beloved, the most indispensable, and finally the greatest of all glories to the Creator. That being is the embodiment of worship. This is not the weakness of moral death—it is the ceaseless flow of undying life—that principle of vitality that comprises within itself the power, God-given, to gather to itself increate life—that glorious 'breath' from Him who spoke the soul into existence, and declared it to be immortal, never-dying, and indeed of his own.

It is then the question with the true woman, how best to solve the problem of life. The object in view is to live out a true existence, acceptable to her Creator.

We are won to consider the practical and minute details of life as incompatible with greatness. There can be no greater mistake than this, and it arises from those arbitrary rules and usages of society that dictates the education of human beings to be for the half-way tediums, instead of acknowledging the divine object of both woman and man's existence.

Man is educated to be hard, cold and tyrannical—woman to be soft, patient and obedient. One has all uncharitableness, and assumes to hold absolute and irresponsible power over the other, asserting that that other is most glorious when most dependent on him, while she has all helplessness, and yet needs the force of assumed power and the "majesty of law" to enforce her obedience and confirm her helplessness. Neither are educated to best subserve their sphere, their station and society, by being well developed human beings. They are malformed, and from this comes evils that antagonize—that invite fretfulness, ill-will and hatred. The mummery embalmed in man's mind of the power of might, is a relic to us of the most heathen times, is really yet the active dispensation under which we still live. The holy law, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you," has not yet found the resting place in man's heart, unwashed by the blind offerings to power and might. True nobility of soul—that love of true liberty that would scorn to oppress, (because holding irresponsible power over an individual, or a class of individuals is oppression,) is too much yet but a gem or tiny plant in the bosom of mankind, to cast even a shadow. We believe that woman has in reality, at the present time, a truer perception of the nobility of liberty than has man.

Our Minstrel Gone.—It is our sad duty to record the death of M. Louisa Chitwood. She died suddenly, we learn, from the Ohio Cultivator of typhoid fever, at her home in Mt. Carmel, Ind., on the 19th of December last.

We had been wondering what had become of The Wreath, and now, alas! we shall no more greet in it our minstrel's lyrics.

We mourn for ourselves that the good and the gifted leave us, but we joy that in their new abode, spirits more congenial walk with them the eternal depths, and mingle in the everlasting joy of holy worship.

Unions.—We have just now been admiring three elegant cards. Here first is

ALBERT E. MILLER, M. D., then
MARY E. WALKER, M. D.

Then following, nicely, is the beautiful card of

DRS. MILLER & MILLER WALKER.

This is a matrimonial alliance between two Doctors—solemnized by the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, who after the ceremony, presented the married couple with a volume of the "Marriage Guide," in which the Marriage certificate was written.

Our patrons will marry, it seems, and in truth we always give them joy. We would not see them travel the earth path alone. More joys are to those who love and are loved, and gather to themselves the clustering joys of home and family.—True marriage is the broad and sure foundation of our social fabric. From the time when the morning stars sang together, and the Creator blessed man, and "gave them dominion," has the true marriage been lighted with the respect of the pure and good, and as well has it been the guardian of the truly free. We know that in every class are gross abuses of marriage—we know full well that there are enthralling woman now, laws and customs that give to man unlimited power to oppress her, to abolish and rectify these do we labor with a will and zeal. But the *true marriage*, under all circumstances, laws and usages, will secure the largest liberty, and the fullest fruition of happiness that we can know. It is not of earth, solely. Love in its purity rolls the sepulchral stone from the tomb, and shines as a steady light through the "dark valley," and upon this clouded side of Eden's gate; and it is not dimmed when it mingles with the eternal loves of angels, but being disrobed of its immortality, mingles in its spiritual sovereignty with its kindred natures in glorious worship forevermore.

DEDICATION OF TALENTS.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton, or as her English title is, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, has dedicated her talents to the rights of woman. She is grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and has been distinguished since her twelfth year for her prose, and more particularly for her poetical writings. She unites great beauty and gracefulness with a high order of genius. Talents and wealth were her birthright, and while the latter with domestic fidelity and peace, rose-crowned her life-path the former was her amusement and recreation. Now deceived, basely wronged and outraged, she has learned that "it was meant for a higher and stronger purpose, that gift which came not from man but from God; it was meant to enable me to rouse the hearts of others to examine into all the gross injustice of these laws, to ask the nation of gallant gentlemen whose countrywoman I am, for once to hear a woman's pleading on the subject, not because I deserve more at their hand than other women. Well I know, on the contrary, how many infinitely better than I, more pious more patient, and less rash under injury, have watered their couch with tears! My plea to attention is that in pleading for myself I am able to plead for all these others, not that my sufferings or deserts are greater than theirs, but that I combine with the fact of having suffered wrong the power to comment on and explain the cause of that wrong, which few women are able to do. For this, I believe God gave me the power of writing; to this I devote that power. I abjure all other

writing till I see those laws altered; I care not what ridicule or abuse may be the result of that declaration. They who cannot bear ridicule and abuse, are unfit and unable to advance any cause. It is the cause of all the women of England. If I could be justified and happy to-morrow, I would still strive and labor in it; and if I were to die to-morrow, it would still be a satisfaction to me that I had so striven."

On another page will be found remarks upon her course by the British Review, which end with the following truth:

ENCOURAGEMENT.—Many times do we have to acknowledge such charming words as the following The writer has our thanks.

MY DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—Although a stranger to you yet, I will take the liberty to speak a word of cheer and comfort and inspire you with courage to pursue life's duties with unfaltering steps.

Yes, my friend, you are engaged in a glorious work—that of ameliorating the condition of women, and leading us to seek higher lives, to live true to ourselves and our Creator—'tis indeed a noble calling, and although the victory is not yet entirely gained. Although enemies still rise against us, yet remember that truth's devoted followers will finally prove victorious.

Go on, then, to diffuse principles of justice and truth through the medium of your valuable paper, and know that the earnest prayers of grateful hearts goes with you.

Excuse me for this intrusion on your time.

Truly,

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

THE TEMPERANCE PROSPECT.—The announcemeht of the not unanimous judgment of the Supreme Court, that our prohibitory liquor law was unconstitutional, gave rise to various conjectures as to its effect upon the sales of liquor. The Social Temple, at Richmond, appointed Mrs. M. W. Brown, Miss H. Birdsall, Miss Annis Underwood, and Mrs. J. A. Holloway a committee to address, individually, the members of the Supreme Court, and make inquiry of them how far the law, as they had left it, would uphold prosecution against those selling liquor for beverages.

The following is a copy of the letter addressed by the ladies to the Judges:

—

RICHMOND, Jan. 1, 1855.

Respected Sir:—A diversity of opinion exists with the advocates of Temperance in regard to the prohibitory liquor law of our State. There seems to be a misapprehension of the decision made by our Judges—some declaring the law to possess no force, while others think enough is left for protection from the ravages of Intemperance.

We wish to understand it, and to know how much is left for us to act upon.

To this end, in the name of the Social Temple of Richmond, we ask you to inform us how far it will be lawful for us to act in restraining the evils with which intemperance is again filling our city. For the sake of truth and happiness, will you please write us an explanatory letter without delay.

MRS. JANE A. HOLLOWAY,
MARTHA W. BROWN,
ANNIS UNDERWOOD,
HANNAH BIRDSALL,
Committee.

TERRE-HAUTE, January 3, 1856.

LADIES—Your letter of inquiry of the 1st inst., is received, and I will answer as far as I am able.

In the late decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Bebee v. The State, two of the Judges held the entire act of 1855, commonly called the Prohibitory law, void: another member of the Court coincided with them as to those portions of the act which prohibit the manufacture of liquors, and which authorize "search and seizure," and the appointment of agents to sell for purposes which the act declared lawful,

So far as the prohibition of sales is concerned. the Court were equally divided, two of the Judges holding the law in that respect void, and two holding it valid. One Judge held the law vaild thro'-out.

The consequence of these views would be, (if the Judges should adhere to the opiniens already expressed,) that if convictions for any of the offences mentioned in the act should take place in the inferior Courts, except for unlawful selling, and such cases should be brought before the Supreme Court they would be reversed. Convictions for unlawful selling, (that is for beverages,) would, if otherwise regular, be sustained by the Supreme Court, (should the Judges hold to their present views,) upon the ground that where the Supreme Court is equally divided, the judgment of the Inferior Court is affirmed. An acquittal in the lower Courts is of course final in all cases.

With sincere desires for the abundant success of your benevolent efforts, I am ladies, your obedient and humble servant, S. B. GOOKINS.

To Martha W. Brown, Hannah Birdsall. Annis Underwood, Mrs. J. A. Holloway, Committee.

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INDIANAPOLIS, January 2, 1856.

LADIES—Your letter of yesterday, asking an explanation of the late decision of the Supreme Court upon the liquor law of 1855 is before me, and I hasten to answer, though I regret that I cannot do so to the extent of your wishes, as the Court itself has not considered the question so far as I am advised, of the effect of its decision upon future sales of liquor. The Court being composed of four, it requires a concurrence of three Judges to decide any point positively. An equal division affirms the judgment of the Inferior Court, whatever it may be, and settles nothing but the particular case under consideration.

In the late decision of the Supreme Court, to which you refer, no three Judges concurred, except in holding that the prohibition contained in the law to manufacture, and the creation of County Agents to sell, was unconstitutional—hence nothing more was decided. These points were sufficient, with the aid of a properly used technicality, to dispose of the cases of Bebee, then before the Court, and hence the Court proceeds no further. Such is its practice.

The inquiry which you put now, very naturally suggests itself, what is to be the effect of the decision made upon future liquor selling?

The law, in its first section, contains an absolute prohibition upon all the people of the State to sell, with an exception—the exception, (I speak generally,) that certain county agents might sell. The Supreme Court declared the exception illegal, and perhaps the most logical consequence is, that the exception being void, the absolute prohibition stands, so that no one can sell for any purpose.

But the position is taken that, under the decision, every person can sell for the purposes that county agents did.

And, again, it is a very grave question whether so large a portion of the law has not been stricken out by the decision made, as to leave the remainder so variant from what the legislature intended, that the whole must fall; and, if enforced, be so as a law made by the Court, and not by the Legislature.

These are questions yet to be decided. They will undergo professional discussion and judicial decision in the lower Courts, and ultimately make their way to the Supreme Court for final determination. Your own good sense, therefore, will at once suggest the impropriety of any unofficial declaration of opinion upon them by me.

I regret exceedingly, to learn that intemperance is so extensively prevailing in your beautiful city, so long my home—that weakness and folly there enter so largely into the composition of human nature, and that moral influence is so powerless.—Those of you with whom I have the pleasure of an acquaintance, will excuse me in saying that I endeavor to make my own and the lives of the members of my family, illustrative of personal regard for temperance, and that I have an interest, equal to that of the average of men, in the maintenance of order and well being in community, and no motive to encourage the contrary. But, in my judgment, no temporary inconvenience, or partial, short lived disorder, can be weighed against a judicially sanctioned invasion of the constitution. Hence, my course upon the liquor act in question.

I regret, also, that a law, as might have been the case, within the constitution, was not enacted by the Legislature of 1855, that, efficiently enforced, would have remedied the evils of which you complain. And I look, as doubtless you do, anxiously to the session of 1857 to give us the boon so devoutly to be wished.

With sentiments of the highest esteem, I remain,

Yours, &c.,

S. E. PERKINS.

Miss MARTHA W. BROWN, and others, committee.

For The Lily.

Women's Temperance Meeting in Richmond.

In accordance with a call from the ladies of Richmond, to consider the most efficient means of arresting the progress of intemperance, and if possible stop the black stream of death that it flooding our city, ane drawing into its fearful vortex those dnar to us as life. At an errly hour Starr Hall was filled to overflowing by the friends and advocates of Temperance.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Agnes Cook, and Mrs. B. M. Scott appointed President, and Mrs. M. J. Newton and Mrs. Edgerton appointed Seeretaries.

Mrs. Scott stated the object of the meeting in a very emphatic and earnest manner.

A committee consisting of Mrs. S. A. Iliff, M. W. Brown, Hannah Birdsall, L. Alverson, Agnes Cook, Mr. Edgerton and Mr. Hurty, were appointed to draft resolutions and prepare business for the meeting.

Mr. Popp being called upon, responded in a very eloquent and appropriate speech, setting forth in the strongest terms the evils caused by the liquor traffic, and the consequent necessity of an efficient Prohibitory law.

Miss Brown's school being called upon, sung a soul-stirring song, called the Maine Law.

The committee then reported, through Mrs. Iliff, the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, The drunkenness and vice that is daily exhibited in our city but too plainly speaks that destitution and suffering must be the consequence, therefere

Resolved, That upon the law making power of our State rests a fearful responsibility from which it cannot escape, and that in our opinion each member of society must necessarily bear a part of that responsibility.

Resolved, That we will no longer quietly submit to the encroachments of the liquor traffic—the law failing to protect woman, duty bids her strike the blow for freedom, that she may have the power to protect herself, and those dearer to her than life.

Resolved, That we deem divorce, with all its wretchedness, preferable to being the wives of drunkards and the mothers of a drunken race.

Rrselved, That we spare no efforts to secure to ourselves a Prohibitory law that will be an effectual shield from the ravages of intemperance.

Resolved, That in view of the struggle which we are destined to meet, we labor so to influence the public mind that the result may be a complete triumph.

Resolved, That it is the duty of every individual to watch closely the encroachments of intemperance, and to take every case of drunkenness that appears iu the city before the proper autherities, to be referred, if necessary, from the lower to the Supreme Court, until we thoroughly prove the law and the law makers of our State.

Resolved, That in the opinion of the ladies now assembled, the practice of distributing intoxicating liquor during the time of fire, is not productive of any good, and fosters the habit of drinking, and also exerts a deleterious influence upon those who are younger—namely, our sons and brofhers—and we protest against it as injurious to community, fatal to individual happiness, and the happiness of families.

Resolved, That Judge Perkins, in his prejudging the Prohibitory Liquor Law, and giving his opinion, virtually nullified the law, and made it inoperative, and that we regard him as proving treacherous to the people in his judicial position, and therefore unworthy of it—that he has been the means of opening up again the flood-gates of vice in our State, and thereby let loose upon society the demon of intemperance, and that we regard him as highly reprehensible, and deserves to be held up to merited, public condemnation.

Song by Mr. Edgerton.

Resolved; That we will not patronize any establishment where spirituous liquors are sold as a beverage.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to Judge Perkins.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the city papers.

After considerable discussion, which was participated in by Mr. Paine, Dr. Haughton, Mr. McDowell, Seth Smith and others, a proposition to adopt the resolutions as a whole, was carried. Some very truthful and spirited remarks were made by Agnes Cook, also some excellent suggestions by Mrs. Thomas, of Ohio.

Mr. J. Hurty being called upon; made some very appropriate remarks, and well suited to the occasion, expressing his sympathy with the ladies in their work in the cause of humanity.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

B. M. SCOTT, President.

E. M. EDGERTON, } Secretaries.
M. J. NEWTON, }

Education of Woman.

We have, from time to time, noticed in our exchanges, favorable notices of the new Female College, at Elmira, N. Y. Believing our readers will be pleased to hear of the advancement in institutions for woman's benefit, we give the following from Life Illustrated:

"The friends of female education have cause to congratulate themselves on the successful opening of this institution. Its existence is one of the numerous signs of progress which are granted for our encouragement in the great work of educational reform. It is, in itself, a great good attained, but it is a prophecy of something still better which will soon be possible.

"The college building represented above, is 234 feet in length. The central portion—octagonal in form—is 70 by 70 feet. The basement floor of this central building makes a finely lighted dining room, and the first floor above an assembly hall The three stories above this are divided into apartments, occupied as private rooms for sleeping and study by the young ladies. All these rooms open upon circular galleries or halls, lighted from the observatory which crowns the building. Three sides of the octagon project in front; the wings, extending from two opposite sides, are three stories in height and nearly ninety feet in length. On the first floor of these are six parlors for family and teacher' uses, library, recitation, and music rooms, etc.

"The site is sufficiently elevated to give, from every window, at least above the first floor, extensive and beautiful views of the town and the valley, skirted by its picturesque hills. The building is heated by ten large and approved furnaces; each room has a register, gas fixture and ventilator. The whole cost of the site, building, apparatus, furniture, etc., has been $57,000.

"'It is designed to furnish in this institution,' the trustees say in their circular, 'as great an amount of intellectual culture as the college system embraces, with this peculiarity—that it shall be especially adapted to fit the pupils for the various duties to which they will be called in the home and social circle, and in various posts of usefulness.

"'In regard to physical culture, great attention will be paid to the study and careful observance of the laws of health, and proper physical development. In addition to exercise in the open air in the grounds of the institution, and the most approved gymnastic recreations, there will be apportioned to each pupil a moderate amount of domestic occupation, in the care of rooms and in preparations for the table, portions of the work to be performed by domestics. This peculiarity of the school, so modified, must commend itself to every thoughtful parent as highly desirable in a course of education, for those who may become, in a few years, the heads of families, and ought, therefore, to be interested, and made in some degree familliar with those operations upon which the order, and comfort, and respectability of the family circle are greatly dependent.

"'This instruction in home duties will include a careful attention to habits and style of intercourse, not only at the table, but in the parlor and elsewhere. The physical, domestic, and social culture of the young ladies from abroad will be committed to a lady whose qualificatisns for the arduous post are such as will secure the confidence of parents, in respect to the care of the health, improvement, comfort, and happiness of those who may enjoy her kind and judicious care.'

"This institution embraces an academic, a normal, and a college department. The course of study adopted embraces a period of six years; the first two in the academic, the last four in the college course. The normal department is designed for the edueation of competent teachers in common schools and academies.

"It has already, we learn, as many students as can be accommodated, and many are refused admission for want of room. It is designed to add another wing to the building as soon as the friends of female education shall come forward, as we doubt not they will immediately, and subscribe the means. A subscription of $1,000 entitles one to a perpetual scholarship. Who that has daughters to educate, and the means to educate them, will not secure such an opportunity as is here offered?"

The following is an extract from a new work, entitled "Plain talk and friendly advice to domestics;" with counsel on home matters.

Which is best worth the half dollar.

Said a neighbor to me the other day: "Is it possible you pay Hannah Peck half a dollar every week for doing your washing, when she goes only at eight o'clock, and gets done by noon? Why, they say she goes in the afternoon of the same day and does Madam Grey's ironing, and gets half a dollar more! That's equal to a man's wages."

"Yes—and she has a man's energy and powers of endurance. She knows how to do her work well and quick, spends no idle moments, indulges in no gossip, finds no fault with the number of pieces, expects to wash dirty clothes, not all clean ones, wastes no soap, burns only enough wood to do her work, waits upon herself instead of calling upon the kitchen girl to spend half her time running for her—and, instead of being all day in the suds, keeping the kitchen drenched in slops and uninhabitable from steam, as you say, she is done by noon, her floor washed, her dress changed—and, having had her dinner, she says good-by, with a pleasant smile, and goes to Madam Grey's, where she bakes, and irons, and accomplishes more than many a girl would with the whole day before her.

"Two weeks ago Hannah could not come to do my washing, as she had her sister's sick child to nurse.

"I sent for Widow Town. She came at six. Had an early breakfast prepared expressly for her. She could not drink coffee—must have fresh meat (at Judge Jones' they generally had broiled chicken)—asked for cheese (they *always* had cheese at Judge Jones'.) She started her fire, using nearly as much wood for her first kettle as Hannah would for her whole wash—soap, ditto. She complained of the tubs, and of the hard water—said she was sure the clothes had been worn a fortnight—that it must be we had a two weeks' washing—our wash-bench was too high—our clothes-basket too old to be decent—our clothes-line was in an awful unhandy place—and ended by wondering why girls would live with people who kept two tables, and said she knew lots of girls who had good wages, but had little to do, and could run in the streets half the time.

"She wanted a lunch at ten, with old hyson tea (only mean, stingy people drank black,) dinner at one, a cup of tea again at three (at her regular washing places they kept the tea hot for her all the time,) supper at five—and then, asking for some sweet milk and a few slices of bread, as she had no time to cook at home (Mrs. Judge Jones often gave her a whole loaf,) she took her departure, without having washed the floor.

"The washing was the same in size that Hannah gets out by noon I need not ask which of the two is best worth the half dollar."

This same Hannah lived with me several years ago. She is an American woman, then thirty, strong, healthy, good-tempered, busy as a bee from morning till night, obliging, respectful, thoroughly educated to her work—she was "worth her weight in gold." Blind and inconsiderate was I! She knew her capability, and demanded higher wages—which she well deserved. We did not give it, and she went to the city, where she became head-manager of a house full of servants, and received three dollars a week. High wages for a woman, I know—but it would have been money in our pocket to have paid it from that time to the present. The time, and money and horse flesh, spent in running after girls to replace the incapables and the intractables—the cookstoves, iron-ware, and crockery destroyed, and the wood unnecessarily burned, would much more than pay the difference in expense, to say nothing of the wear and tear of patience, and the comfort of having a woman so capable and respectable in your household.

Hannah is now a land-holder, has money in the bank—enough to shield her from poverty, should the evil day come when she could not work. But she is not idle. She has an aged mother to support, besides brothers' and sisters' children to help on in the world—and a better, happier, or more useful woman, in her sphere of life, one seldom meets.

A BEAUTIFUL INSCRIPTION.—In Trinity churchyard there is an inscription on a tomb so singularly and affectingly beautiful, we cannot forbear to record it, and the emotions it awakened in the bosom of a stranger. It is an oblong pile of masonry, surmounted by a slab-stone, on which are cut the following words:

"MY MOTHER.

The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise."

There are no other letters or characters to be found on the slab or pile.

If there is one inscription in the thousand languages, that are, or have been on earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time up to the resurrection morning, it is this.—The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten, and titles fade from the memory of the world. He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth on the stone—and the dearest of all names, that of mother, shall sound a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile. If any shall wish to know further of her, who had a child to engrave her most endearing name upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sounding of the trumpet, and the rising of the dead, when he may know all.

☞ A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly with.

From the British Review.

Position of Women in England.

"In ordinary cases, this non-existence of the wife in respect to the possession of property, suggests nothing more than semi-jocular complaints, some charmingly illogical argumentation, or, at the worst, a little transient soreness on the part of the wife; but there are cases in which it is a source of intolerable aggravation, when the legal non-existence of the wife is as revolting to the reason as to the feelings, when the head and heart alike declare against it. If the wife has the power of earning money, whether by writing books or washing linen, there is no reason, we repeat, why her earnings should not find their way into the common purse, and contribute towards the payment of the rent or the liquidation of the baker's bill; but when there is *no* common purse, when the husband will not support the wife, when she is the victim of his neglect and his cruelty, and he is squandering his earnings perhaps upon drink, perhaps upon some profligate connections, it is surely a case of inconceivable injustice that he should have the power of laying his hands at any time upon the produce of his wife's labor, and declaring that it is legally his.

"As the English law now stands, a husband may claim from the employer of his discarded wife all the money that she has earned; and the employer is bound to give it to him. Any contract entered into with *her* is mere waste paper; she may earn money for her husband, as his horse or his ox may earn it for him, but not for herself. If she has been permitted to receive her earnings, and has contrived by painful economy and self-denial to save any portion of them, she cannot leave her savings after her death even to her own children; they are absolutely her husband's, and he may take them and give them all to the children of a paramour, or squander them upon the paramour herself. If our creed were the creed of the Mohammedan,

> 'Which says that woman is but dust,
> A soulless toy for tyrants' lust,'

we could not, in this Christian country, and in this nineteenth century, maintain a law in its operation more flagrantly unjust.

"Laws are for the most part made to meet not ordinary, but extraordinary cases. To a vast majority of mankind, it is personally a matter of extreme indifference that the law sends a murderer to the gallows, not one man in a million is murdered in the course of a year. To a vast majority of English wives, it is doubtless a pleasure to cast all that comes to them by inheritance, by gift, or by laborious acquisition into the common purse. It is their delight to be 'one flesh' with their husband, to have nothing apart from him; but no woman knows, however bright the dawn of her conjugal career, in what storm and convulsions it may close, and the knowledge that under the existing law, grevious wrong, for which there is no redress, may be and is committed, is sufficient to make every one interested in the application of a legal remedy. It is the boast of Englishmen that women are protected by law; but every woman's legal protector may violently despoil her of her earnings, and spend them in a drunken revel with the paramour who has taken her place.

"It may be said: 'But redress is open to the woman. She may sue for a divorce; and having obtained it, she may profit by her own industry.' Ostensibly, the law promises divorce in such cases, but practically she denies it; divorce is for the rich, not for the poor—for the man, not for the woman. If there were any tribunal to which an injured woman could betake herself and say: 'I come before you with an empty purse, but a full heart. I have no money wherewith to propitiate the divinity of justice, for the law allows me to possess none; I have only my wrongs to lay at your feet. My husband has deserted me. He is wasting his substance on a strange woman; but he will not suffer me to eat in peace the bread which I have earned with my own hands. He comes to me in my loneliness, vaunts himself my husband, and takes from me the wages of my industry; I now ask to be permitted to eat in quietness the bread which I have earned; I ask that, having ceased to be protected by my husband, I may be protected against my husband; I ask to be dissolved of my allegiance to him, to cease to be part of him, to bear my own name, and to work for myself'—if there were any tribunal, we say, to which an Englishwoman should betake herself, needing only the utterance of such solemn words as these to call forth the response: 'Stand forth and prove it,' then might it be asserted that redress is open to woman: but how unlike a tribunal of this kind is the Court of Arches or the House of Lords!*

"We know all that may be said about 'woman's sphere' and 'woman's duties;' we have the whole formula of expression by note, and we believe in it as far as it goes. We believe that married women in all conditions of society best contribute to the well-being of the family, and, therefore, to to the common purse, by preserving order and harmony at home; Nature has ordained that this should be their primary duty. Even from the poorest homes we are sorry to see the wife absent, though she may be earning money in the factory or in the field: but the better the education, the higher the faculties of women, the better they will perform these primary duties, and it is not because at some period of their lives they have husbands to tend and children to nurse that we are to take no account of the relation they bear to all the rest of the world. There would be more good wives and good mothers if women were better trained to take a part in the active business of life, if they were educated as though they might be neither wives nor mothers, but independent members of society, with work of their own to do seriously, earnestly, and with all their might.

"This theory of the non-existence of women pursues its victims from the school-room to the grave. Trained from the first to be dependent upon men, they pass through different stages of dependence, and at the last find that they cannot bequeath to another man the ring on their finger, which they may have worn from their earliest girlhood, or the Bible in which they first learnt to spell; to attain and preserve a condition of independence, it is necessary that they should abide in a state of singleness, which is more or less a state of reproach.

"Single women are legally capable of independent action; but they are seldom or never educated for it. It cannot be said that they are educated for the non-existence which that condition involves, and it is often the perception of this which drives women into matrimony without any assurance, sometimes scarcely with even a hope of domestic happiness. What else are they to do? If they continue in their singleness, having been educated for non-existence, they are incapable of acting for themselves; they are fit, indeed, only to be absorbed.

"And thus it is that this legal fiction of the non-existence of married women sits as a curse upon married and single alike; it taints from first to last the stream of their life, and Heaven only knows what a crop of misery is the rank result. As society is at present constituted, women are educated not to do, but to suffer. In some classes, self-support is a reproach, not only to the self-sustaining worker herself, but to all who belong to her. Society decrees that she shall be non-existent, that she shall depend, perhaps, upon charity grudgingly bestowed, that she shall live in a state of penurious idleness, useless, querulous, unhappy,

> 'And from red morning to the dewy fall,
> Folding her listless hands, pursue no aim at all.'

but outwardly be what the world is pleased to call a *lady*; in other classes, the curse works more greviously. Our peasant girls are not trained for labor; society does not encourage them to labor. They reach the dangerous age of incipient womanhood ill-educated, unskilled, aimless, useless, fit indeed for nothing, and, if fit, seeing nothing to employ their fitness. They are not trained to make good wives; they are not trained to make good servants; they are not trained for independent employment, and there is little independent employment for them if they were. There is nothing sadder in human life than this; and there is no greater question than that of woman's work. It cannot be entered upon at the end of such an article as this. Please God, we shall, ere long, devote a paper to it; what we have now written is a fitting introduction to the larger theme."

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* It will be understood that, although our remarks in this place relate more especially to the appeals of a wife against the ill-treatment of a husband, we plead generally in favor of the institution of cheaper and more accessible tribunals for the adjudication of cases of conjugal wrong. As the English law now stands, the dissolution of the matrimonial contract is practicable, but only under certain conditions. The first is that the party seeking it shall be a man; the second, that he shall be a rich one. It is this reproach which we desire to see removed.

A Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.—Sir James Mackintosh, the historian was married in early life, before he attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catharine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for the excellence of her character than her charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children, she died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband wrote to a friend, depicting the character of his wife in the following terms:

"I was guided (he observes) in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman, who by the tender der management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me.

me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years' struggle and distress had bound us fast together; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.—[Home Journal.

The Mother and her Family.—Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and most forlorn of the human species—so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz: "that happiness does not depend upon outward circumstances." The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her little gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a collection of "shreds and patches," course in the extreme.

'Why don't you come in a wagon?' said I, when I observed that she was wearied with her long journey.

'We haint got any horse, she replied, 'the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare theirn, and it would cost as much to hire as all my thread would come to.'

'You have a husband—don't he do anything for you?'

'He ir a good man—he does all he can, but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn and mends the children's shoes. He is as kind a husband as a woman need to have.'

'But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you.' said I.

'Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light,' replied the thread woman. 'I consider that I have great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits. 'How many children have you?'

'Six sons and five daughters, ma'am.'

'Six sons and five daughters? Why, what a family for a poor woman to support!'

'It is a family, ma'am; but there aint one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all as healthy children as need to be—all willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the smallest, when he gets a few cents now and then for doing an errand, will be always sure to bring it to me.'

'Do your daughters spin your thread?'

'No, ma'am, as soon as they are big enough they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always willing to give me what they can; but it's right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after all the folks are gone to bed.

'Don't you think you should be better off if you had no one but yourself to provide for.'

'Why, no ma'am I don't. If I had not been married, I should always have to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do more than that. My children are always a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they will do as much for me as I have always done for them.

Here was true philosophy. I learned a lesson from that poor woman, which I shall not soon forget.—[Miss Sedgwick.

For The Lily.

Linger Still.

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Linger still! I would thy presence
Could attend me evermore:
Then the radiance of Love's sunshine
Would illume Time's wave-lashed shore.
Then the murmur of its music
From the chamber of the soul,
Like the foam bells on the current,
Would forever onward roll!

Linger still! here in the gloaming,
Where we tryst so often held,
Let me tell thee how my spirit
Unto thine is aye compelled;
Let me speak of the attraction,
Of that strange and weird emprize,
Holding me in willing bondage,
Coming from thy dark brown eyes.

Linger still! In yonder cincture
One orb looketh down on earth;
And the blue arch of my future,
Only hath one star of worth.
And I bend the knee in silence,
Like the children of the sun,
And like them I worship wildly,
In a worship never done.

HARLEM, N. Y., 1855.

RANDOM JOTTINGS.

MR. H. A. GUILD—As I am a correspondent of your very interesting paper, allow me to congratulate not only pourself, but also the noble and generous citizens who manifest so deep an interest in your welfare, and that of the Temperance cause, which is so frankly advocated in the columns of your paper.

The proceedings of the Mass Meeting were of awakening interest, I judge, from the accounts which I gather in regard to the interest manifested to sustain you in your good begun work—I may say noble and worthy work which you have commenced an independent examination into the cause of vice and misery in our land. The more I read the Independent Examiner, the more am I interested in its worthy productions, and to say nothing more than I ought, for which you will pardon me, in its frank and undaunted editor.—More than this, I congratulate you upon the numerous friends who make no hesitation in publicly declaring their intention of sustaining a young man in his efforts to break down the strongholds of Satan.

There appears to be some considerable excitement in regard to individual rights at the present day—Men's Rights, Woman's Rights, etc. Men are men, but I throw down the gauntlet for an editor who labors for the rights of his fellow men at large.

Right is right, and who that is possessed of a conscience unseared, can raise a nay to the progress of a news carrier, whose aim is to bring glad tidings to the broken hearted wife, so that she may have restored to her embrace the husband she chose in youth—alive from the dead. Never fear, Mr. Editor, the cause you so firmly advocate is as noble as it is good. God claims his right to hold the reins of government in his own powerful hand, and I am thinking if God is in the battle, the opponents will find it a severe one!

I look upon the Maine Law as the chief corner stone of the temples of knowledge and cottages of peace. I seem to see it clothing the possessed of Devils in their right mind. Talk about Slavery! Can there be a comparison? Where the slaveholder has tortured and withheld the bread of life from his thousands, the liquor traffickers have drowned their millions in the alcoholic lake.

Ah, sir, with the tear of pity and hope bedewing my cheek, I must say what you already know to be an undeniable fact, that those individuals who have been poor and degraded, from the abuse of ardent spirits, have no relish for the sweet songs of Zion. Hope wafts a whisper that to the poor the gospel shall be proclaimed; heretofore, they have not had the hearing ear. How could they hear? The very nature of the spirit which alcohol contains is calculated to destroy the power of sense and render reason abortive. When the poison is inflaming the stomach, the heated and bewildered brain is bereft of its reason. I blush with shame that human nature is guilty of such gross abuse against herself. From the first mention of the Maine Law in our State, Mr. Editor, I have been ready to enlist in a cause so nobly good. I feel that the time has come, and I am called upon as a co-laborer. I volunteer. My pen shall be my representative, and its productions my proclamation to help bear on the messenger that has the Everlasting Gospel to preach to the nations of the earth.

Heretofore, I have been silent in the hearing of the world. Arguments upon subjects of importance weigh lightly in the Divine balance, while God bottles up the wrestling tears of his elect for his blessing. The time has come young man, that every honest man and woman should labor with their might to rebuild the broken walls of our own dear country. We should labor to build our country's fame with one hand, while we hold a weapon of defense in the other. We should look well to the instruction of the rising generation.

God's approbation is our strong fortress, and if we are not for him we are against him. I sincerely hope all the friends of Temperance will be found on their watch-towers, armed with wisdom, love and prudedce. I do not love to say that the Anti-Maine Law men are our enemies, purposely. No I do not. I know they have not as yet been weighed in the balance. I should love to see them weighed, and ask them if they were found wanting. But I pray God that the scales may fall from their eyes long before that time. Justice to the temporal and eternal welfare of our fellow-men demands untiring zeal in the great work of reformation. Our deeds are fast being numbered. Soon we shall hear from the Judge, "You have done what you could,' or, "You have left undone that waich was your duty to do."

I appeal "not to Cæsar," but to you, Mr. Editor—yea, and to all the sons and daughters of Freedom, is Janie wrong? No, no! she pleads for justice and mercy. She pleads for the salvation of her fellow-creatures from dens of infamy—from the abyss of shame—crime—ignorance and degradations. She pleads that the free-born sons of America may be freed from the oppressive yoke of King Alcohol. No King in all earth's domain ever wore so tyrannical a crown. None ever caused more Martyrdom, or laid on earth's green sod more broken hearts, crushed hopes, or precious worth. She pleads that her well substantiated plea be heard; but she does not plead to be forgiven, but that good may predominate, and evil be done away. She pleads, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done."

Yes, Mr. Editor, she has a reason to plead in behalf of the abused and suffering; and she has a heart that can feel for others' woes—eyes to bedew her pillow with tears for their sorrows—has been girded up to witness many a scene of suffering.—She has defended the tremulous wife from the furious husband, after his neighbor had handed to him the maddening cup, and counted the stripes of rope-lashes upon the victim of his rage—has listened to the wail of hungry babes—looked upon the cold clay of blooming youth poisoned with the liquid drug—clothed the destitute—fed the perishing, and God be praised that she had to spare. O! what a volume could she write to tell the tales of woe. Should she ask to be forgiven? She would rather ask to be encouraged. She has been taking down notes some time, and scarcely knew for what, but because her sympathies were enlisted, she fancied. Hark! Mr. Guild—hearest thou not that tiny wail from the Ark of Bulrushes?—Some Hebrew mother must have secreted her son.

JANIE RANGER.

THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.—It is a very striking circumstance, observes a distinguished historian, that the high-minded inventors of this great art, tried at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing an entire bible, and executed it with such astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven.

Of the intere ting events connected with the first appearance of the printed bible we will not speak, for volumes have been written upon it, while the poet, the painter, the architect and the sculptor have alike exerted their genius in erecting monuments to perpetuate the memory of the inventors of printing. Up to the time when the printed bible appeared, manuscript copies being held at enormous prices, could only be possessed by kings and wealthy nobles. The sudden multiplication of copies so beautifully executed, and so similar in appearance, naturally led the then superstitious people to attribute them to some demoniacal influence, and Faust, the printer, was openly charged with being leagued with the devil.

It Isn't All in Bringing Up.

It isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
To silver scour a pewter cup—
It will be pewter still.
Even he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said "train up a child,"
If I mistake not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May leave the training of a son,
And bring him up full grand;
May give him all the wealth of lore,
Of college and of school,
Yet after all they make no more,
Than just a decent fool.

Another raised by Penury
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good to Heaven must tread,
Has got a spark of Nature's light,
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in its burning letters bright,
The world may read his name.

If it were all in "bringing up,"
In counsel and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint.
Oh! it isn't all in "bringing up,'
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

PRAYER.—Prayer was not invented: it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart; or rather man was born to pray; to glorify God, or to implore him was his only mission here below; all else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, or of love, which he raises towards the Creator, does not perish on his passing from the earth; it reascends, it resounds from age to age, in the ear of the Almighty, like the reflection of his own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is wholly divine, and which he can exhale with joy and pride; is an homage to him to whom homage alone is due—the infinite Being.—*Lamartine*